

For the Children

THE LITTLE SPARROW.

I am only a tiny sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value,
But the dear Lord cares for me.

I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,
Close picking makes it sweet;
I have always enough to feed me,
And life is more than meat.

I know there are many sparrows,
All over the world they are found;
But our heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small, we are never forgotten;
Though weak, we are never afraid;
For we know the dear Lord keepeth
The life of the creatures he made.

I fly to the thickest forest,
I light on many a spray;
I have no chart nor compass,
But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be;
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm will come to me.
—Our Four-footed Friends.

THE BIGGEST MAN.

"Who was the biggest man you ever saw?" asked Johnny of Uncle John. Uncle John had sailed ever so many times around the world, and seen wonderful things.

"The biggest man I ever saw was in the Society Islands," said Uncle John, stroking his white beard. "It was on my first voyage, Johnny, and I was ready to be surprised at anything. But Tamatoa—that was the islander's name—was the most astonishing person I have ever seen from that day to this. He was six feet eleven inches tall—a real, true giant, and the king of the island."

"Did he wear a crown?" said Johnny.

"No," said Uncle John. "He didn't need to. You could pick him out for the king wherever he went, for he was head and shoulders above the rest and he was the strongest and cleverest of them all. Before the missionaries came, Tamatoa had been actually worshiped and had sacrifices offered to him, because the people thought he was greater than any man could be, and so he must be a god. They did not know anything about the true God, anyway, but worshiped idols."

"Was Tamatoa kind to the people?" asked Johnny.

"Sometimes he was a good enough king," said Uncle John. "But the trouble with Tamatoa was that he drank. He bought liquor from the trading vessels that came to the islands, and when he was drunk he was a terrible creature. He would seize a club or a spear

and run out and strike down the first person he saw. Once he did not have a spear handy, so he struck a man in the face with his big fist, instead. He hit so hard that he made the man blind; but Tamatoa's own forefinger was so smashed up that it had to be taken off."

"Wasn't everybody afraid of such a giant?" said Johnny, feeling glad he didn't live in the Society Islands.

"Yes, indeed," said Uncle John. "But something wonderful happened. Tamatoa heard the missionaries preach, and he became converted. He threw away his idols, and refused to let the people worship him as a god. He came and sat in the missionary school and learned to read the Bible. He stood up before all the islanders and said he wanted to be a Christian; and on the day he joined the church he promised never to taste liquor again as long as he lived. There is a kind of intoxicating drink the islanders make from the hava-root of which Tamatoa was very fond. He promised never to touch that, either, and he kept his word. He never again tasted intoxicating drink, and instead of being a terror to everybody, he was kind and good."

"Weren't his people glad when he stopped drinking and was a Christian?" asked Johnny.

"They were so pleased," said Uncle John, "that most of them stopped drinking, too. Tamatoa set such a good example that the whole island tried to follow it. In fifteen years the missionary counted only two drunken persons, where before there had been many. Tamatoa became a true king, you see, leading his people to do right and follow Jesus. If he had not turned away from liquor, he would have ruined his own soul, and other people's, too. I always think of Tamatoa when I go to a temperance meeting."—Child's Hour.

MIRABEL'S GIFT.

Grandma was going to have a birthday, and Mirabel was thinking. She had her chin propped by her two plump fists, and her elbows rested on her knees. Her fair little forehead was all in a pucker, and between her eyes were two straight up-and-down lines which brought the brows very close together, quite after the fashion of grown folks when they think unpleasant thoughts.

Mirabel unclasped one fat fist, and anxiously regarded the two pennies it contained. She counted them slowly and carefully. Then she turned them over, and counted them again. Two pennies were so very few. The only thing she could think of that mamma ever bought for two cents was a cake of yeast, and of course a cake of yeast wouldn't do for grandma's birthday.

"I'll just have to tell her that I love her," thought Mirabel, sadly. "That's all that I can do. Mamma says that even when people know we love them, they like to be told about it. I'll spend my two cents for a postage stamp." So she asked Aunt Dora to help her with the spelling.

When her birthday came, the postman brought grandma a little letter that made her wipe her eyes several times before she could see to read it all.

"Dear Grandma," it said, "I love you ever so much—bushels and bushels. I wanted to send you something nice for your birthday, but I only had two cents. They wouldn't buy anything nice enough for my